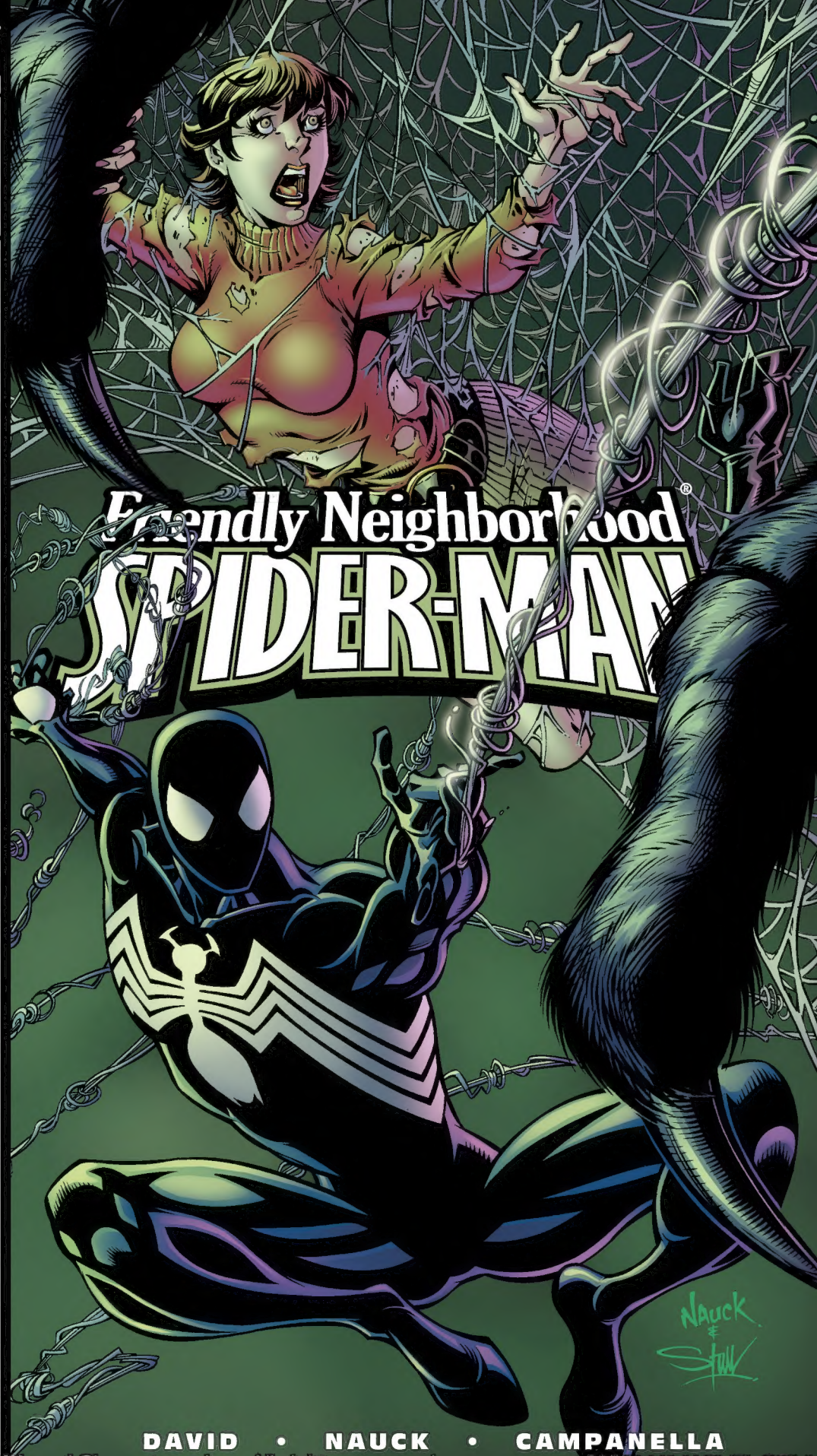




BACK IN BLACK



Friendly Neighborhood
SPIDER-MAN

Nauck
&
Stall

DAVID • NAUCK • CAMPANELLA

BACK IN BLACK

After revealing his identity to the world during the CIVIL WAR, Peter Parker finds himself and his family targets of the world's most dangerous criminals.

With his Aunt May downed, shot by a sniper's bullet and barely hanging onto life, Peter has donned his old black costume as a dark warning to the world that he's no longer the man he used to be.

PREVIOUSLY IN *Friendly Neighborhood* **SPIDER-MAN**



While on a date with *Daily Bugle* reporter Betty Brant, Flash Thompson was being mysteriously stalked by Midtown High nurse, the mysteriously named Miss Arrow.

For months the questions around Miss Arrow have grown: From her contact with Spidey's old villain Mysterio (and a mention of her "superiors") to odd-looking stingers growing straight from her wrist.

Now Miss Arrow has shown the ability to control spiders and used that ability to kidnap Flash straight from a local bowling alley (ruining a perfectly great day with his friend, real-life PBA bowler Kelly Kulick!).

What happens next is anyone's guess...but it all starts next to a tow truck...

To find Marvel Comics at a local comic shop, call 1-888-COMICBOOK.

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FREEZE!

DON'T
MOVE!



YEAH, I KNOW
WHAT "FREEZE" MEANS,
BUT THANKS FOR THE
CLARIFICATION.

NOW SHUT UP. I'M
CONCENTRATING.



KEEP YOUR
HANDS WHERE I
CAN SEE THEM!

AW, AND HERE
I WAS GOING TO
STASH THEM OUT OF
SIGHT IN THE GLOVE
COMPARTMENT.

C'MON,
SPIDEY-SENSE.
YOU'RE BIGGER, YOU'RE
BADDER, YOU SHOULD BE
ABLE TO PICK UP MAJOR
SPIDER-ACTIVITY, LIKE
WHATEVER ERO HAS
PLANNED.

REACH
OUT. COME ON...
COME ON...



YES! I...CAN FEEL IT!
A SORT OF...OF FAINT
VIBRATION IN...IN THE
BASE OF MY SPINE...
IT...

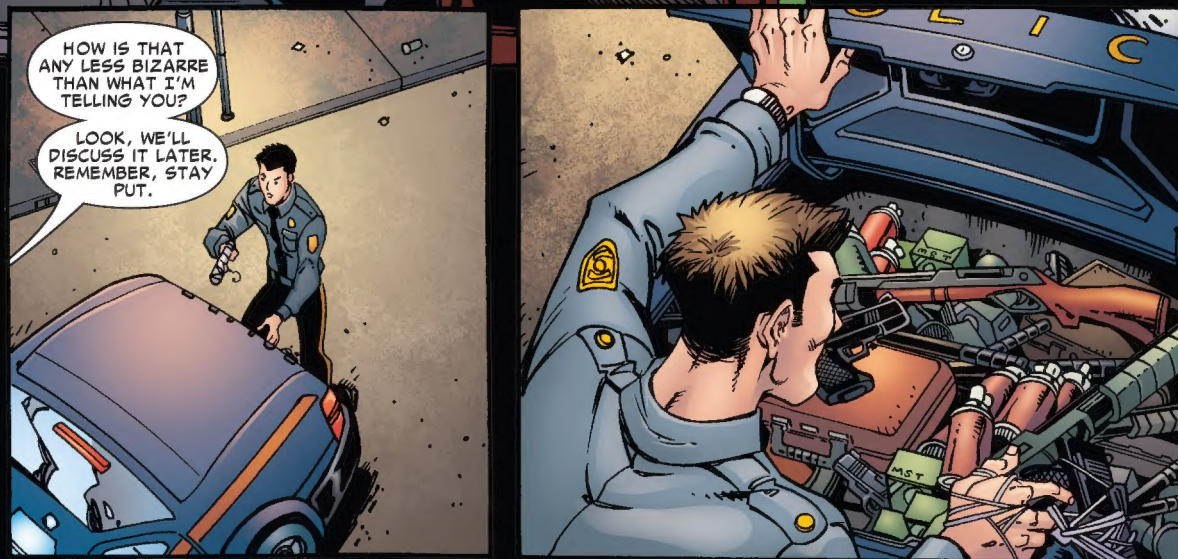
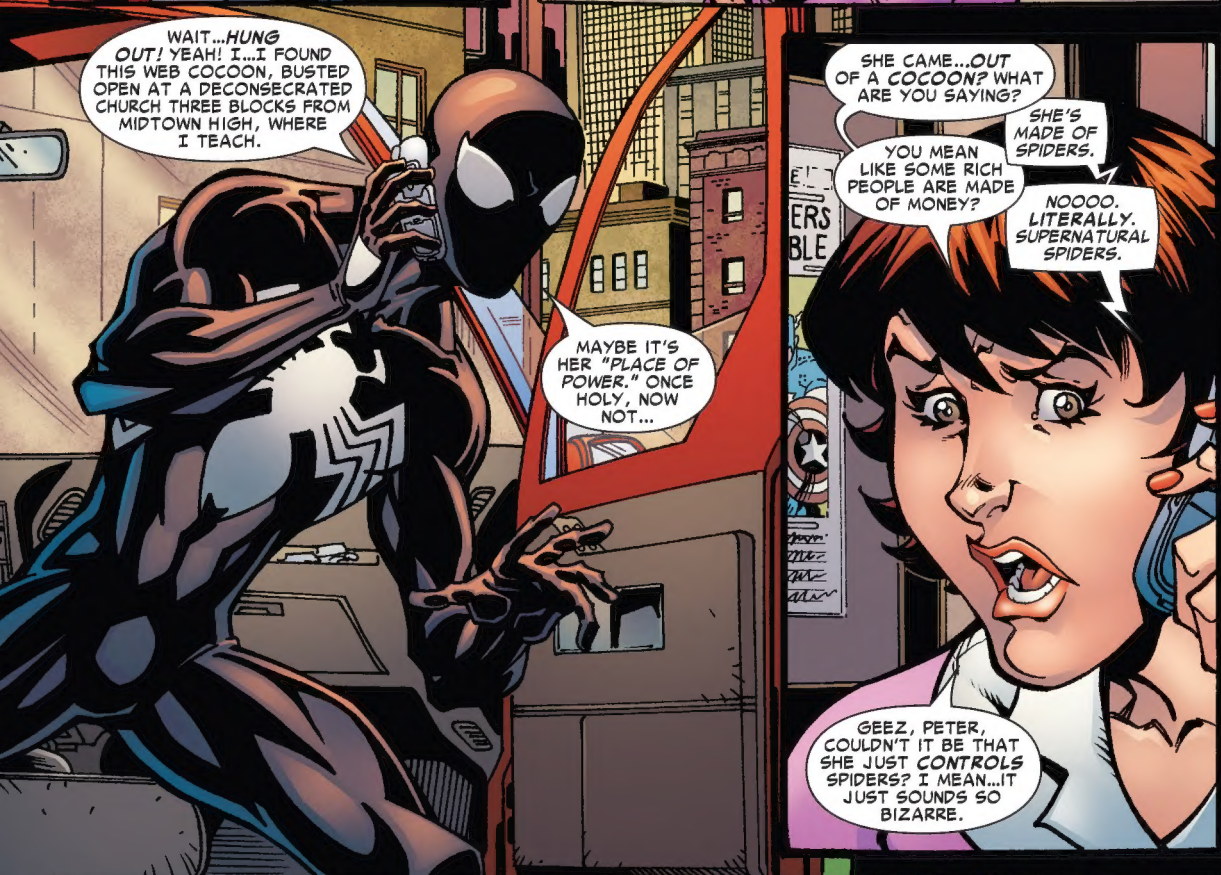
BZZT
BZZT



NO...WAIT. IT'S
COMING FROM
MY BUTT.

THAT'S
JUST NOT
RIGHT.







WHAT'CHA GONNA DO WITH ALL THAT JUNK? ALL THAT JUNK INSIDE YOUR TRUNK? WHA--?



I'VE CALLED FOR BACKUP! GIVE UP NOW AND YOU WON'T BE--

GIVE UP?



GIVE UP?

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW EASY THAT WOULD BE FOR ME? DO YOU?



GIVING UP WOULD BE A BLESSING!



TO THROW MY HANDS UP! TURN MYSELF OVER TO YOU GUYS! ROT IN SOME JAIL CELL OR IN THE NEGATIVE ZONE OR WHEREVER!

THE IDEA OF "GIVING UP" SITS IN MY BRAIN LIKE A CANCER, TWENTY-FOUR/SEVEN, JUST... JUST GNAWING AWAY AT ME!

KRACH



MAYBE IF I'D GIVEN UP YEARS AGO, MY AUNT WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN A BULLET! MY WIFE WOULDN'T BE LIVING IN FEAR!

EVERYONE I'VE EVER LOVED HAS SUFFERED BECAUSE I WOULDN'T GIVE UP!

WOOOM



WOULDN'T GIVE UP HELPING COPS OR CRIME VICTIMS OR INNOCENT PEOPLE!

WOULDN'T GIVE UP THE GOOD FIGHT!

GOD IN HEAVEN... YOU TALK TO ME ABOUT GIVING UP?



CAPTAIN AMERICA GAVE UP.

HE WOUND UP ON A SLAB.

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT??



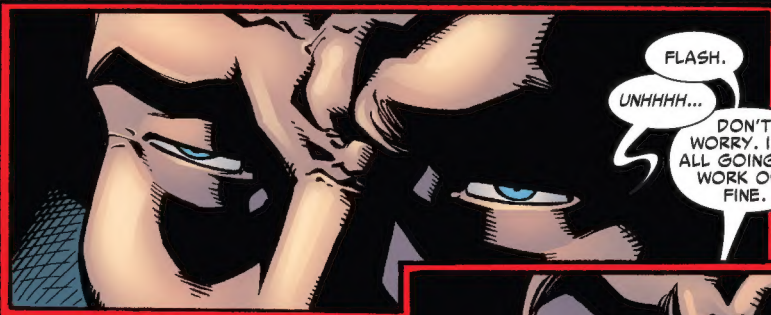
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.



I GIVE UP.

OUT-FREAKIN'-STANDING.

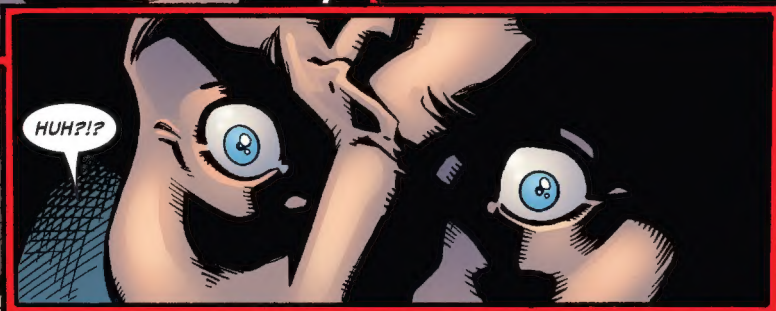




FLASH.

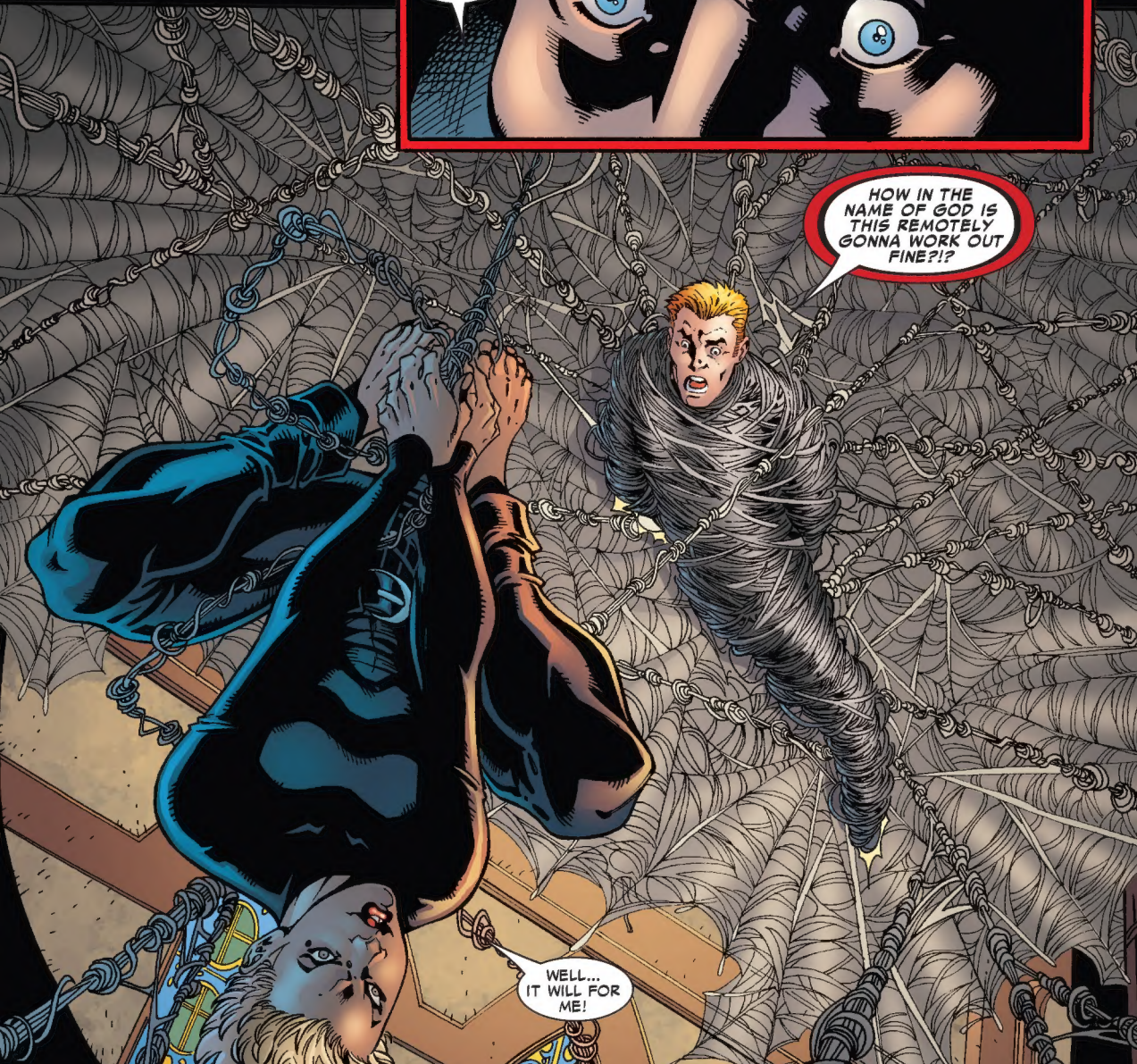
UNHHHH...

DON'T
WORRY. IT'S
ALL GOING TO
WORK OUT
FINE.



HUH?!?

HOW IN THE
NAME OF GOD IS
THIS REMOTELY
GONNA WORK OUT
FINE?!?



WELL...
IT WILL FOR
ME!

Consuming Passions

PETER
DAVID
WRITER

TODD
NAUCK
PENCILER

ROBERT
CAMPANELLA
INKER

JOHN
KALISZ
COLORIST

VC'S CORY
PETIT
LETTERS

TODD NAUCK
et ROB STULL
COVER

STEPHEN
WACKER
EDITOR

JOE
QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

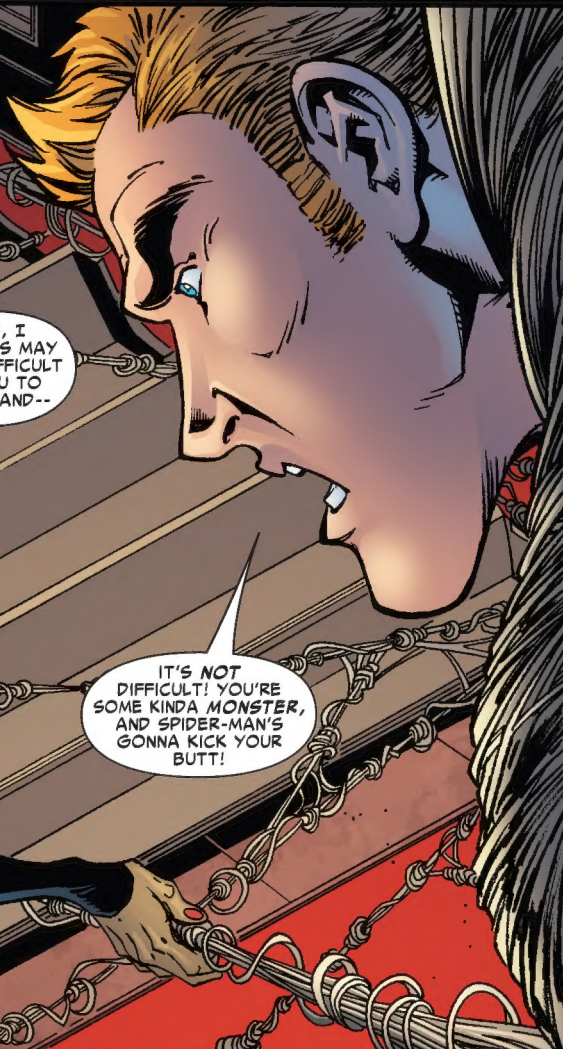
DAN
BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER



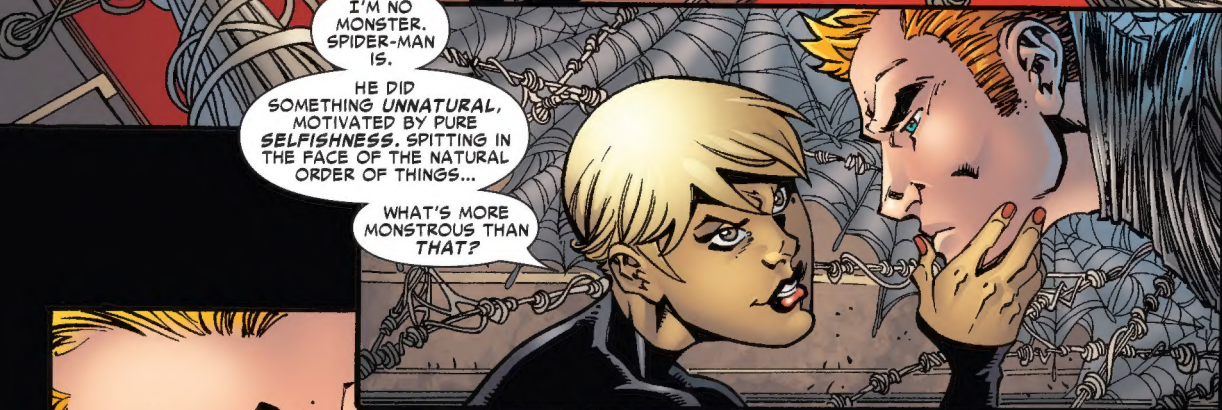
LEMME GO!
YOU'RE NOT EVEN
HUMAN!

YOU SAY
THAT AS IF IT'S
A BAD THING.

FLASH, I
KNOW THIS MAY
ALL BE DIFFICULT
FOR YOU TO
UNDERSTAND--



IT'S NOT
DIFFICULT! YOU'RE
SOME KINDA MONSTER,
AND SPIDER-MAN'S
GONNA KICK YOUR
BUTT!



I'M NO
MONSTER.
SPIDER-MAN
IS.

HE DID
SOMETHING **UNNATURAL**,
MOTIVATED BY PURE
SELFISHNESS. SPITTING IN
THE FACE OF THE NATURAL
ORDER OF THINGS...

WHAT'S MORE
MONSTROUS THAN
THAT?



YEAH?
WHAT'D HE DO
THAT WAS SO
WRONG?

HE LIVED,
FLASH.

THINK OF
LIFE AS A CHECKING
ACCOUNT. YOUR FRIEND
IS OVERDRAWN.

I'M THE
AUDITOR, HERE
TO BALANCE
THE BOOKS.





ARRRRHHH!!

DAMN! THIS
SHOULDN'T...BE
SO PAINFUL...

MUST
BE...HUMAN
INFLUENCE...



I HOPE
YOU BREAK
YOUR NECK,
Y'FREAK!

BETTY WASN'T
CRAZY! YOU WERE
THE ONE WHO
ATTACKED HER IN
THE RESTAURANT!

YOU MADE
US CRASH THE
CAR!



FLASH...THIS
REALLY...*ISN'T* THE
BEST TIME...



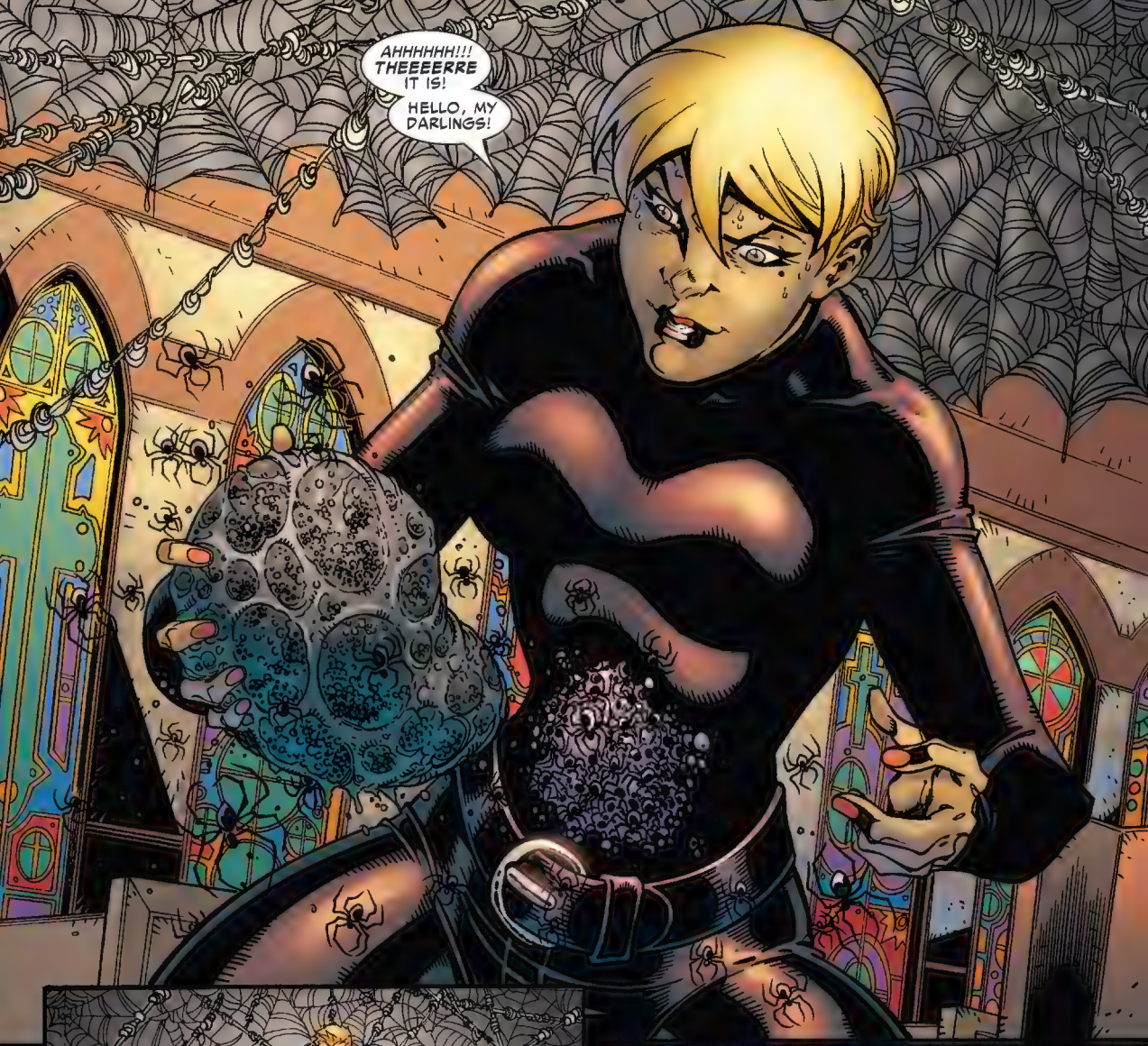
I'LL...
BE WITH
YOU...



...IN...
...A
MOMENT...



What
the...?



AHHHHHH!!!
THEEEERRE
IT IS!
HELLO, MY
DARLINGS!



THERE'S YOUR
DADDY.
SAY
HELLO.



WHAT IS
THAT THING!
AND... "DADDY?"
WE HAVEN'T--

YES,
FLASH. I KNOW
WE HAVEN'T.

PARTICULARLY...
YOU HAVEN'T. WITH
ANYONE. FOR QUITE
SOME TIME.



AND BECAUSE YOU HAVE BEEN "OUT OF ACTION"...YOU HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF TANTRIC ENERGY BUILT UP WITHIN YOU.

THINK OF IT AS A SORT OF DIVINE POWER THAT PEOPLE EXPEND IN THEIR DAY-TO-DAY PURSUITS.

SOMEONE IN A COMA SUCH AS YOU HAS A CONSIDERABLE BACKLOG STORED UP, LIKE UNBURNED CALORIES.



THAT'S WHY I WAS DRAWN TO YOU...

...BUT NEEDED TO KEEP YOU AWAY FROM OTHER WOMEN WHILE I WAS GESTATING.



"GESTATING?" YOU MEAN THAT'S---?

YES. AN EGG SAC. IT'S FINALLY READY.

WHEN IT HATCHES, IT WILL GENERATE HUNDREDS OF BEINGS LIKE ME. FAR MORE THAN WILL BE NEEDED TO DISPOSE OF AND DEVOUR SPIDER-MAN.

BUT IT'S AN ELABORATE PROCESS THAT DESTROYS THE HOST.



SO I FIGURED... BETTER YOU THAN ME.

YEAH, I'M NOT LIKING WHERE THIS IS GOING.

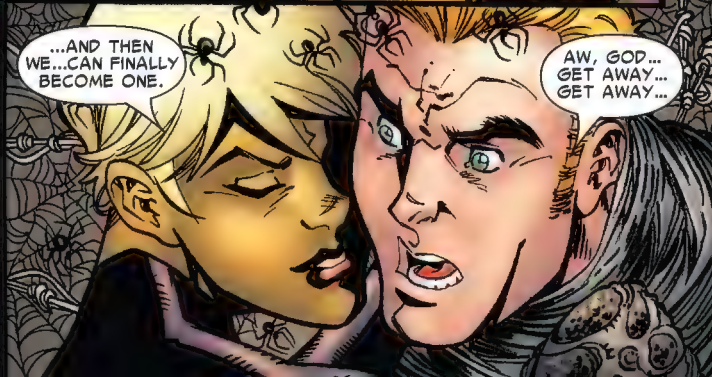
ACTUALLY, WHERE IT'S GOING--



--IS DOWN YOUR THROAT.

DON'T WORRY. IT'S VERY FLEXIBLE. IT'LL GO DOWN EASILY ENOUGH.

AND THEN I FREE YOU FROM THIS COCOON...



...AND THEN WE...CAN FINALLY BECOME ONE.

AW, GOD... GET AWAY... GET AWAY...



YOU'LL RELEASE
YOUR TANTRIC ENERGY
INTO ME...I WILL SIPHON
IT BACK INTO YOU...

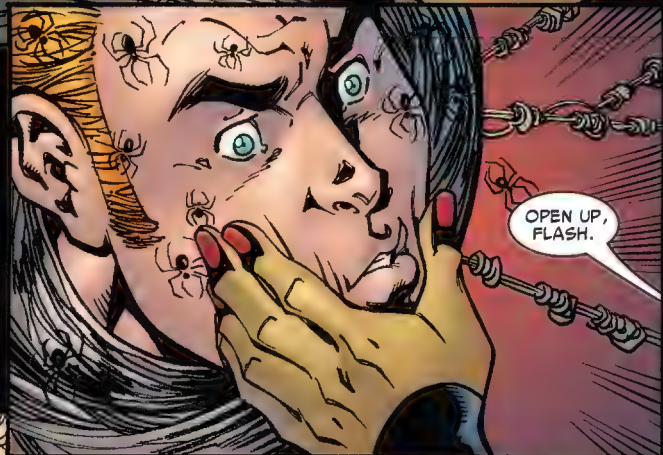
AND BY THIS
TIME TOMORROW MY
CHILDREN WILL HATCH,
FULLY FORMED.

BUT...
BUT WHAT
ABOUT ME?

THEY'LL
EAT YOU
ON THE WAY
OUT.
BUT YOUR
SPIRIT WILL LIVE
ON IN THEM.



C-CAN'T
MY SPIRIT...KEEP
LIVING ON IN ME
INSTEAD...?



OPEN UP,
FLASH.



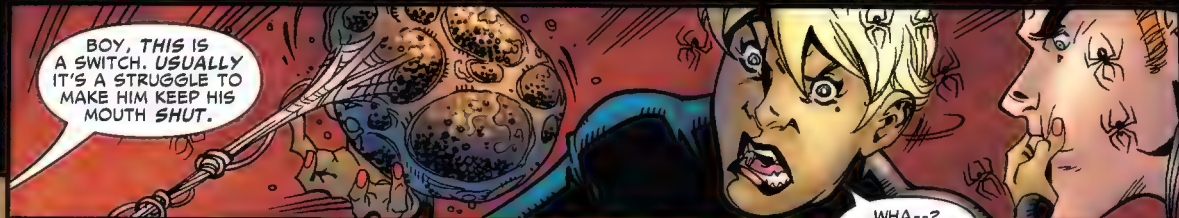
FLASH...I'M
NOT JOKING.
OPEN YOUR
MOUTH.

UNH
UNH

FLASH!
DO IT!

IF I HAVE
TO RIP YOUR LIPS
OFF AND KNOCK IN
YOUR TEETH, I'LL
DO IT! NOW OPEN
YOUR MOUTH!





BOY, THIS IS A SWITCH. USUALLY IT'S A STRUGGLE TO MAKE HIM KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT.

WHA--? HOW DID YOU FIND ME--?!?

DIVINE INTERVENTION.



UH-OH...

HOW SWEET OF YOU, PETER, TO COME ALL THE WAY HERE...

...SO THAT YOU CAN PROVIDE A MEAL FOR MY HUNDREDS OF NEWBORNS!



KAM

THEY WANT A MEAL? FINE! HOW ABOUT OMELETS?! 'COURSE, IN ORDER TO MAKE 'EM...

...I'LL HAVE TO BREAK A FEW HUNDRED EGGS! YOURS, I'M THINKING!



THE INTERNET IS A GLORIOUS THING, ROBBIE. I'VE ALWAYS SAID SO.

NOOOO, YOU'VE ALWAYS SAID IT'S THE DOMAIN OF HACKERS, TRAITORS, AND MORONS.

WHATEVER.



LOOK AT THAT. IT'S A THING OF BEAUTY. MAKES ME WANT TO SHED A TEAR.

WENT UP ON U-TUBE TEN MINUTES AGO. THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO SEE IT, MR. JAMESON.

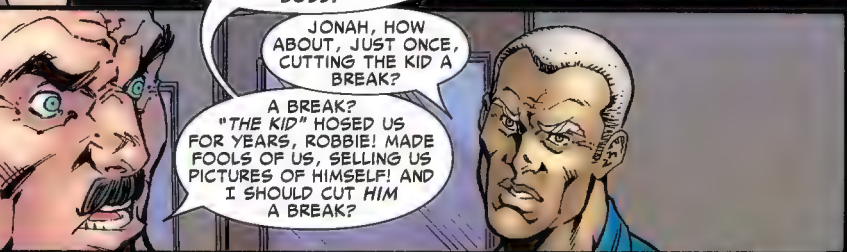
YOU THOUGHT RIGHT.

I WANT YOU TO FIND THIS VIDEO GUY. GET HIS STORY EXCLUSIVE FOR US. FIND OUT ANYTHING ELSE HE MIGHT'VE SEEN, HEARD...



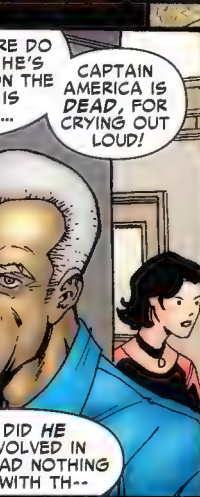
NO.

"NO?" I'M SORRY, ROBBIE, DID I MISS A MEMO ABOUT MY NO LONGER BEING THE PUBLISHER AND... OH, WHAT'S THE WORD... BOSS?



JONAH, HOW ABOUT, JUST ONCE, CUTTING THE KID A BREAK?

A BREAK? "THE KID" HOSED US FOR YEARS, ROBBIE! MADE FOOLS OF US, SELLING US PICTURES OF HIMSELF! AND I SHOULD CUT HIM A BREAK?



JONAH, WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT, HUH? HE'S UNMASKED, HE'S ON THE RUN, HIS AUNT IS HOSPITALIZED...

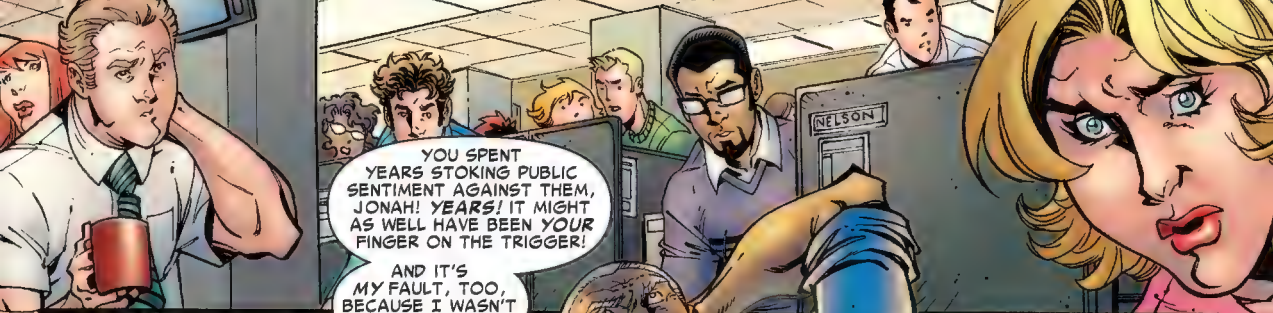
CAPTAIN AMERICA IS DEAD, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!

HOW DID HE GET INVOLVED IN THIS? I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH TH--



YES YOU DID!!!

YOU AND EVERY BLOWHARD WHO COULDN'T SEE THESE BRAVE MEN AND WOMEN FOR THE SELFLESS HEROES THEY ARE!



YOU SPENT YEARS STOKING PUBLIC SENTIMENT AGAINST THEM, JONAH! YEARS! IT MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN YOUR FINGER ON THE TRIGGER!

AND IT'S MY FAULT, TOO, BECAUSE I WASN'T ABLE TO STOP YOU!

"HE HOSED US FOR YEARS." MY GOD, JONAH, WHAT WERE YOU, STUPID? BLIND? HOW COULD YOU NOT HAVE KNOWN?

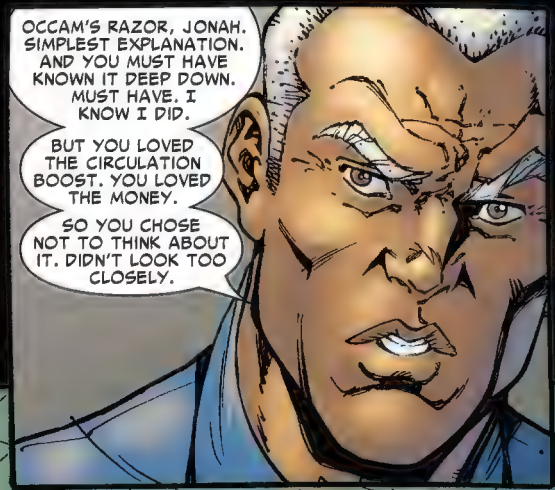
HOW MANY "COINCIDENCES" WERE NEEDED FOR PETER AND SPIDER-MAN TO HAVE BEEN TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE? IT'S INSANE!



OCCAM'S RAZOR, JONAH. SIMPLEST EXPLANATION. AND YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN IT DEEP DOWN. MUST HAVE. I KNOW I DID.

BUT YOU LOVED THE CIRCULATION BOOST. YOU LOVED THE MONEY.

SO YOU CHOSE NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT. DIDN'T LOOK TOO CLOSELY.



LOOK NOW!

WHAT'RE YOU--? GET YOUR HANDS OFF--

LOOK, DAMMIT! LOOK AT WHAT'S ON THAT SCREEN!



THAT'S NOT A STORY OR A CIRCULATION BOOSTER OR DOLLAR SIGNS!

THAT'S A MAN AND A CO-WORKER AND MAYBE EVEN, HEAVEN FORBID, A FRIEND, AND HE'S IN A WORLD OF PAIN!

SO HOW ABOUT, JUST FOR ONCE, WE DON'T ADD TO IT.




BUT YOU DO WHAT YOU WANT.



YOU'RE THE BOSS, AFTER ALL.






NEVER THOUGHT
I'D BE GLAD TO SEE
THESE STUPID STINGER
THINGS AGAIN.

A large comic book panel showing Spider-Man in his blue and red suit and Silver Sable in a black tactical suit. They are in a combat stance, holding their retractable stingers. Spider-Man is on the left, leaning forward, while Silver Sable is on the right, leaning back. They are in a room with ornate, colorful stained glass windows and classical architectural columns. The floor is a deep red.

WHAT...YOU
THINK THEY JUST
"HAPPENED" TO
SHOW UP NOW?

IDIOT.



THEY ONLY
EMERGE WHEN YOU
FACE SOMEONE LIKE ME...
SOMEONE WHOSE BEING
IS ROOTED IN PRIMAL
FORCES OF CHAOS AND
DARKNESS.

A smaller comic book panel at the bottom of the page. Silver Sable is on the left, crouching and lunging forward with her stingers extended. Spider-Man is on the right, lying on his back on the red floor, looking up at her. The background is a solid red color with some motion lines.



NOT SURPRISING
THAT YOU'D BE REPULSED
BY THEM WHILE I REVEL IN
THEM. AFTER ALL, I AM
YOUR OTHER.

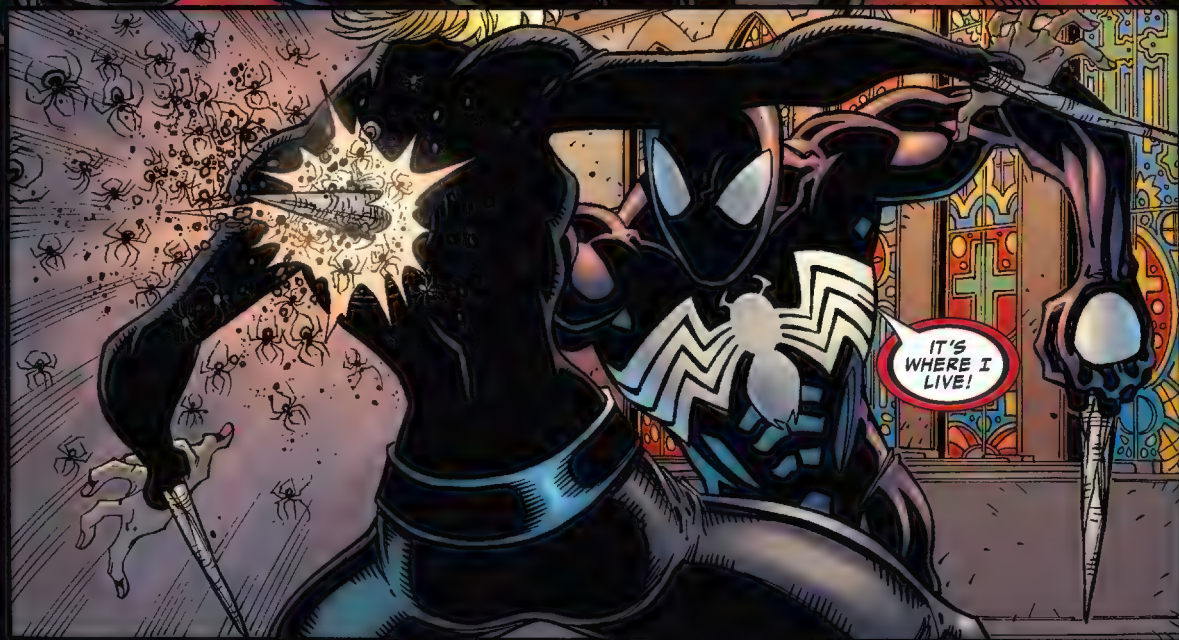


FEMALE TO
YOUR MALE. DARK-
SKINNED TO YOUR
LIGHT.

STRENGTH
TO YOUR
WEAKNESS.



DON'T
FORGET CHUNKY
TO MY CREAMY.





ARRHHHH!!

WRONG.
IT'S WHERE
I LIVE!
YOU'RE
JUST PASSING
THROUGH!

SHUNK

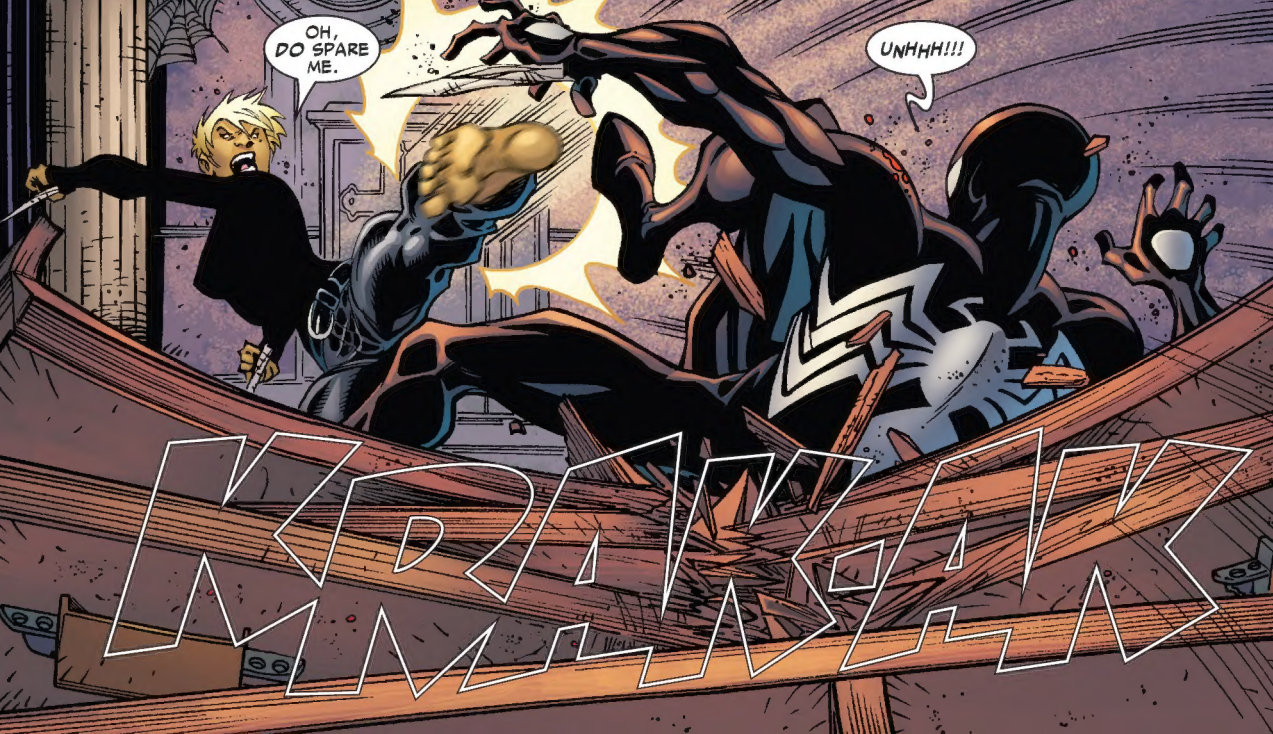


THE POISON IN
MY STING WOULD
KILL ANYONE ELSE.
YOU, IT WILL SIMPLY
SLOW DOWN...



...SAP YOUR
STRENGTH...

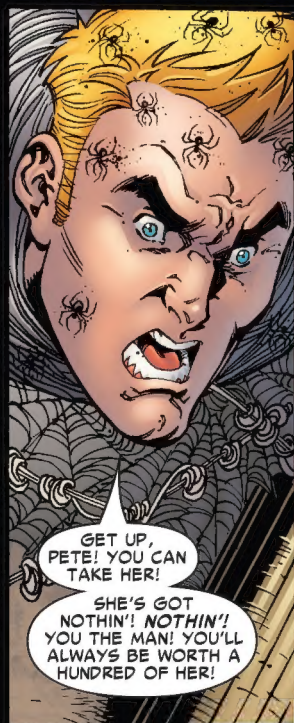
STILL...
STILL HAVE
ENOUGH...
TO...



OH,
DO SPARE
ME.

UNHHH!!!

KRAZZZ



GET UP, PETE! YOU CAN TAKE HER!

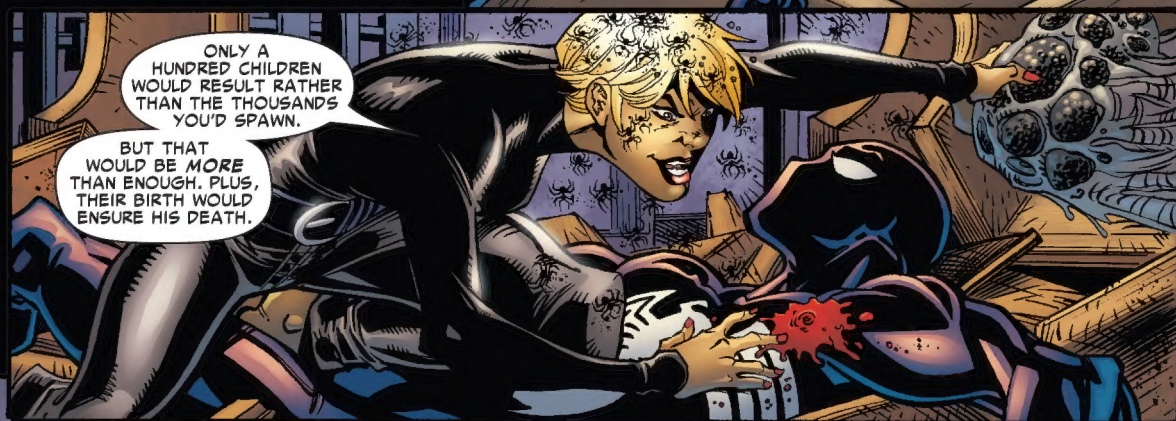
SHE'S GOT NOTHIN'! NOTHIN'! YOU THE MAN! YOU'LL ALWAYS BE WORTH A HUNDRED OF HER!



A HUNDRED OF ME. THAT'S VERY SWEET, FLASH.



IN FACT... HERE'S THE THING. PETER WOULDN'T BE NEARLY AS EFFECTIVE A HOST AS YOU.



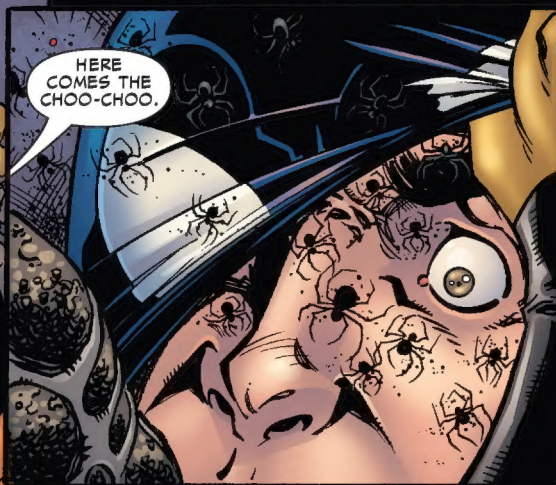
ONLY A HUNDRED CHILDREN WOULD RESULT RATHER THAN THE THOUSANDS YOU'D SPAWN.

BUT THAT WOULD BE MORE THAN ENOUGH. PLUS, THEIR BIRTH WOULD ENSURE HIS DEATH.



I SHOULD NEVER HAVE INVOLVED YOU AT ALL, FLASH. I SEE THAT NOW.

OKAY, PETER...OPEN THE TUNNEL...



HERE COMES THE CHOO-CHOO.

